Of you my noble cooſen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you Lo. Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded,
My ſouereigne liege I do beſeech your Maieſtie,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this.
To be thus ſcorned in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his corſe.
Riu. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buck. Looke I ſo palle Lo. Dorſet as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lo. and no one in this preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerſt.
Glo. But he (poore ſoule) by your firſt order died,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to ſee him buried:
God grant that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Nearer in bloudie thoughts, but not in bloud;
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darbie.*
Dar. A boone (my ſoueraine) for my ſeruice done.
Kin. I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt.
Dar. The forfait ſoueraigne of my ſeruants life.
Who ſlue to day a ryotous gentleman,
Latelie attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

Kin. Haue

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doom
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon t
My brother ſlue no man, his faul
And yet his puniſhment was cru
Who ſued to me for him? who in
Kneeld at my feete, and bade me
Who ſpake of brotherhood? who
Who told me how the poore ſou
The mightie Warwicke, and did
Who told me in the field by Te
When Oxford had me downe, h
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and
Who told me when we both lay
Frozen almoſt to death, how he
Euen in his owne garments, and g
All thin and and naked to the nu
All this from my remembrance b
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of
Had ſo much grace to put it in my
But when your carters, or your w
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter,
The precious image of our deare
You ſtraight are on your knees
And I vnmuſſly too, muſt graunt
But for my brother, not a man w
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto m
For him, poore ſoule: The prou
Haue beene beholding to him i
Yet none of you would once ple
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will t
On me, and you, and mine, and y
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my
Glo. This is the fruit of raſh
How that the guiltie kinred of t
Lookt pale when they did heare
Oh they did vrge it ſtill vnto the
God will reuenge it. But come
To comfort Edward with our co

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